Come heere to day?

Salerio. My Lord, heere ſtayes without
a meſſenger with letters from the Doctor,
new come from Padua?

Duke. Bring vs the letters? call the Meſſenger?

Baſſ. Good cheere *Anthonio*? what man, courage yet:
The Iew ſhall haue my fleſh, blood, bones and all,
ere thou ſhalt looſe for me one drop of blood?

Antho. I am a tainted vveather of the flocke,
meeteſt for death, the weakeſt kind of fruite
drops earlieſt to the ground, and ſo let me;
You cannot better be imployd *Baſſanio*,
then to liue ſtill and write mine Epitaph?

Enter Nerriſſa.

Duke. Came you from Padua from *Bellario*?

Ner. From both? my L. *Bellario* greetes your grace?

Baſſ. Why dooſt thou whet thy knife ſo earneſtly?

Iewe. To cut the forfaiture from that bankrout there?

Gratia. Not on thy ſoule: but on thy ſoule harſh Iew
thou makſt thy knife keene: but no mettell can,
no, not the hangmans axe beare halfe the keeneneſſe
of thy ſharpe enuie: can no prayers pearce thee?

Iewe. No, none that thou haſt wit enough to make.

Gratia. O be thou damnd, inexecrable dogge,
And for thy life let iuſtice be accuſd;
Thou almoſt mak'ſt me wauer in my faith,
to hold opinion with *Pythagoras*,
that ſoules of Animalls infuſe themſelues
into the trunks of men: Thy curriſh ſpirit
gouernd a Woolfe, who hangd for humaine ſlaughter
euen from the gallowes did his fell ſoule fleete,
and whileſt thou layeſt in thy vnhallowed dam;
infuſd it ſelfe in thee: for thy deſires
are vvoluiſh, bloody, ſtaru'd, and rauenous.

Iewe. Till thou canſt raile the ſeale from off my bond,
Thou but offendſt thy lungs to ſpeake ſo loud:
Repaire thy wit good youth, or it will fall

to cureleſſe ruine. I ſtand he

Duke. This letter from *Bel*
a young and learned Doctor
Where is he?

Ner. He attendeth here ha
to know your aunſwer wheth

Duke. With all my hart: ſo
goe giue him curteous-condu
meane time the Court ſhall he

Your Grace ſhall vnderſta
am very ſicke, but in the inſta
uing viſitation was with me a y
Balthazer: I acquainted him w
the Iew and *Anthonio* the Mer
together, hee is furniſhed with
his owne learning, the greatn
mend, comes with him at my
requeſt in my ſtead. I beſeech
pediment to let him lacke a re
ſo young a body with ſo olde a
acceptance, whoſe tryall ſhall

Enter *Portia*

Duke. You heare the learnd
and heere I take it is the doctor
Giue me your hand, come you

Portia. I did my Lord.

Duke. You are welcome, tak
are you acquainted with the di
that holds this preſent queſtion

Por. I am enformed throug
vvhich is the Merchant here? a

Duke. *Anthonio* and old *Sh*

Por. Is your name *Shylocke*?

Iew. *Shylocke* is my name.

Por. Of a ſtrange nature is th
yet in ſuch rule, that the Veneti

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